

The Historie

hot as molten lead, & as heavy too: God keepe lead out of me,
I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my
rag of Muffins where they are pepperd: there's not three of my
150. left aliae, and they are for the townes end, to beg during
life: but who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What, standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword.
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet vnreueg'd. I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke
Gregorie neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this
day, I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be aliae, thou getst not
my sword, but take my pistol if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what is it in the case?

Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to iest and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him. Exit.

Fal. Well, if Percy be aliae, ile pierce him, if he doe come
in my way: so, if hee doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him
make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir
Walter hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, ho-
nour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

*Alarum, excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn
of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

King. I prethee Harry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bledest too
much, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. Iohn. Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiestie, make vp
Least your retirement doe amaze your friends.

King. I will doe so: my Lord of Westmerland, lead him to his
tent. Come, my Lord, ile lead you to your tent.

Prin. Lead me, my Lord: I doe not need your helpe.
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drawe

of Henry the fourth.

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobilitie lies troden on,
And rebels armes triumph in massacres.

Ioh. We breathe too long, come, coosen Westmerland,
Our duetic this way lies: For Gods sake come.

Prin. By God, thou hast deceiu'd me, Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lou'd thee as a brother Iohn,
But now, I doe respect thee as my soule.

King. I saw him holde Lord Percy at the point,
With iustier maintenance then I did looke for
Of such an vngrowne warrior.

Prin. O, this boy lends metall to vs all. *Exit.*

Doug. Another king, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the Douglas, fatall to all those

That weare those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfetst the person of a king?

King. The king himself, who Douglas grieues at heart,
So many of his shadowes thou hast met

And not the very king: I haue two boyes
Seeke Percie and thy selfe about the field,

But seeing thou fallest on me so luckily,
I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

Doug. I feare thou art another counterfet,
And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a king,

But mine, I am sure, thou art, who cr'c thou be:
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits

Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my armes:
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee,

Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flieth.

Cheerely, my Lord, how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: ile to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe a while:

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